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FAIR FACTS 1927-1928



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STUDENTS OF FAIRFAX HALL

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA



Foreword

Dirginia—
first in America's history,
first for America's Independence,
and ever first in the great crises of her
country.

Magic word! In our thoughts, at once, is the home of great leaders; the land of revered traditions, of true culture and romance.

Pridefully, the staff presents The Virginia Number of Fair Facts.

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Fairfax in Pirginia

House of Burgesses Staff

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Old English Wit Iokes Miss Frances May Maxwell
A Daughter of Virginia
Hostess of Fairfax Hall
who
with her gracious and
friendly manner heightens
the hospitable atmosphere
of Fairfax Hall
we appreciatively dedicate
this annual



MISS FRANCES MAY MAXWELL











John Noble Maxwell
Praident



Carrie Bell Vaughan

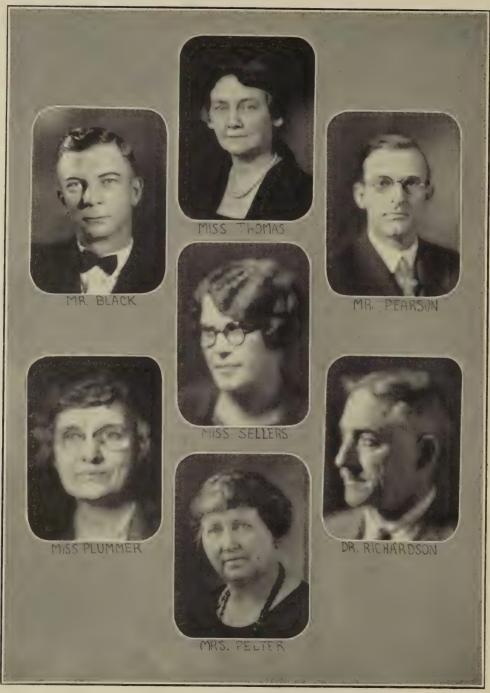
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The Couse of Burgesses

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Editor-in-Chief

Business Manager

Staff

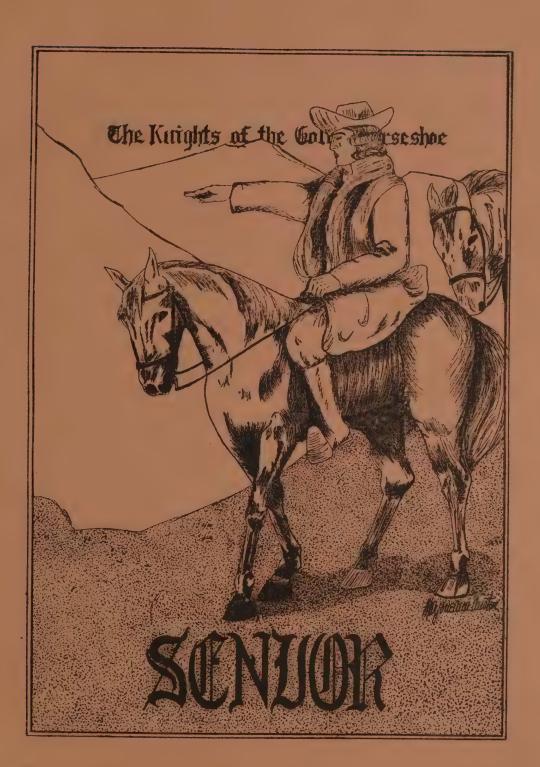
Editor-in-Chief
Assistant Editor-in-Chief
Business ManagerBERNICE HYDE
Assistant Business Manager
Art Editor
Joke EditorCYNTHIA NEWMAN
Faculty Adviser

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

CLAIRE REED ELSA MARY VAIL Hazel Harris Letitia Carruth

Edna Parker Dolly Hardee









Mrs. Shumway SPONSOR

Senior Organization

MOTTO

Non quis sed quid

COLORSOrchid and Green

FLOWER

Orchid

OFFICERS

President
Secretary
Treasurer
Class History
Class Will
Class ProphecyLouise Priest
Class Representative



MARGARET EDITH TACKELS

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ACADEMIC SENIOR

Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Senior President; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.

Peggy's gaiety and her music have brought us much pleasure, and many an afternoon has she kept us from starvation. She is a perfect and unruffled saleswoman in the shouting Y. W. foodshop. But then there are her major duties, too, for who is our faithful president but Peggy. She has led us to the close of this year with the satisfaction of knowing that we, as Seniors, have well accomplished our senior duties—that was her aim, and she has gained it.

GERALDINE RUTH HILLIARD

SOUND BEACH, CONNECTICUT
ACADEMIC SENIOR

President of Freshman Class; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; President Junior Class; Editor-in-Chief of Faxette; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.; Secretary of Dramatic Club; Treasurer Glee Club—2, 3; Hockey; Soccer; Field Ball; Choir—2, 3; Editor-in-Chief of Annual; Hockey Varsity; Treasurer of Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

All hands up for Jerry, every time. Guess that's why the point system was started, that the rest of us might have some chance. Though Jerry is in everything and has everything to do, it matters not, and has not the slightest effect on her sunny disposition. We can't say enough for her ability and personal charm, so we give her the title of "The Best All Around."



MARJORIE ANN AUSTIN

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

ACADEMIC SENIOR

Art Lovers; Sketch Club—1, 2; Glee Club; Senior Class Treasurer; Art Editor of Faxette; President of Art Lovers; Art Editor of the Annual.

The girl of moods. But then—isn't she an artist? And isn't she different and interesting? Serious, usually, but always with a ready store of sympathy and encouragement. We enjoy and appreciate her work for our *Faxette* and FAIR FACTS.

ELIZABETH AILSA MAYER

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

ACADEMIC SENIOR

Assistant Editor of Faxette—1, 2; Glee Club—1, 2; Fairfax Orchestra—1, 2; Secretary of Senior Class; Basketball; Hockey.

The old saying that "woman always gets the last word," doesn't always hold true, but here is one place it does. We who have differed with her know, and we give up willingly, for Betty's smile is too irresistible.



ADA ISABEL MAYER

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

ACADEMIC SENIOR

Glee Club; Student Council; Varsity Hockey; Class Will.

Izzy is the girl who has the bit of fun to add to everything. Her tongue is ever ready with a witty come-back, and there is that what-can-we-do-next-look in her eyes. Next year Fairfax will miss her dependable student council member.

LOUISE TIMBERLAKE PRIEST

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

ACADEMIC SENIOR

Glee Club—1, 2; Dramatic Club—1, 2; Secretary of Glee Club; Fieldball Captain; Hockey Varsity; Soccer Varsity; Joke Editor of Faxette; Basketball; Class Prophecy.

How many times have we been thrilled by her enticing voice. Twanging strings and low tones will always remind us of Lou. We admire her bits of acting, we watch her fast playing, and we enjoy her entertaining conversation. So you see, Lou is a rather versatile person,



CLAIRE LOUISE REED

SOUTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY

ACADEMIC SENIOR

Joke Editor of Faxette; Staff Reporter of Faxette; Y. W. Cabinet; Dramatic Club; Senior Representative to Annual; Basketball Varsity.

A good little athlete, quick with tongue and pen, and a "Footlight Girl." She is delightful in her dramatic work. Claire is a possessor of that lovely, spicy charm, piquancy.

ELIZABETH HUNTLEY BRAINARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ACADEMIC SENIOR

Art Lovers; Sketch Club; Hockey.

Betty performs for us. She is now Houdini, then a fortune teller, then a—well, you remember the April Fool Party. She can make us run with terror or laugh at her antics. A good sport in everything and a willing worker.



FRANCINE HULBURD

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

SPECIAL SENIOR

Dramatic Club.

Quiet, gentle, winning, and studious. All these and many more good things may be said about Francine. A perfect lady—'tis true—but here is the place to go for this and that. She's always helping us out.

SYLVIA ARNOLD

MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

CERTIFICATE SENIOR

Glee Club—1, 2; Dramatic Club—1, 2; Fieldball; Soccer; Hockey Varsity.

A delightful manner is a nice thing to have, and so is the knowledge of good things to eat and how to make them. Maybe her sweetness has something to do with it. Anyway, we always manage to get Billy on "that certain" committee,



Eighteen Years Ago

History of the Class of '28

CHAPTER I.

LANDING AND SETTLEMENT



HE early morning train arriving at the deserted Basic station slowed down, paused a few minutes, then pulled out and disappeared. The group of Fairfax Freshmen, deposited from that train, stood on the platform watching it disappear and feeling that their last hopes had disappeared with it. Then after a few days spent in becoming accustomed to their new

surroundings, they began to explore the vast unknown around them. Each day brought something new. Schedules were arranged, cards of house regulations were freely handed out, a welcome party was given by the old girls, church conduct was explained in minute detail, and Y. W. Vesper Services were held. Soon the Freshmen organized their class and fittingly selected green and white as class colors. A St. Patrick's Day Dance was their biggest venture in the social whirl of school life. Such happy days with so few cares to worry one! All too soon the time sped by, and we wished the departing Seniors all happiness and bade good-bye to our Alma Mater for the summer.

- CHAPTER II

THE COLONISTS GAIN CONFIDENCE

The next autumn, they reaped the fruits of the last year's labor—they were old girls—and very conscious of it. In fact, so much were they aware of their importance that on every possible occasion they impressed their superiority on those humbler beings, the Freshmen. It was in this memorable year that blue slips were the rage, and these Sophomores certainly were capable of earning them. For those who do not know the meaning of that term, let me say that they were little blue paste-board cards given by the faculty as rewards of merit for failure to wear rubber heels, for singing, whistling, or running in the corridors, et cetera, and which would admit one to the two-hour study hall Monday morning. In the spring we entertained the school with a porch party, where Japanese lanterns gave a soft light, and dainty refreshments were served by the members of the class. Several specialty numbers were presented between dances, which added to the novelty and enjoyment of the evening. Swiftly upon this came Commencement, and the second year was ended.

CHAPTER III.

THE COLONISTS STRUGGLE TO GAIN THEIR RIGHTS

The next fall a group of determined Juniors, who knew the work of the year ahead, returned eager to begin. They were soon organized, and with Mrs. Shumway as sponsor, many mysterious plans were made in the class meetings.

Our Studio Party given in the gym was most Bohemian and received much praise. Shaded lights, brilliant shawls, colorful pillows scattered carelessly about, and easels bearing half-finished sketches, created the desired atmosphere. Italian spaghetti and then bread and butter sandwiches comprised the studio menu. During the evening an amusing one-act play was given, and an entertainment presented in which two young men dressed in tux and carrying canes, sang several popular numbers and gave a novelty dance. One evening, the savory odor of steak floated up to the upper halls. That Junior steak dinner was a complete success from the standpoint of the consumers and the financiers of the class, for it filled our treasury and thus prepared the way for the biggest event of the year. The Junior-Senior Banquet came at last, and the Juniors proudly escorted the Seniors to this annual farewell party, which is one of the pleasantest memories of the year for both classes.

Then Class Day, the Laurel Chain was a symbol of friendship through the years, and a reminder of the nearness of the last and closing chapter of the history of the class of '28!

CHAPTER IV.

THEY WIN THE CHARTER OF INDEPENDENCE

Just as a runner throws himself with renewed vigor into the last lap of the race, so we as Seniors worked almost fiercely to make the most of our last year. Mrs. Shumway again kindly agreed to be our sponsor, and to her untiring interest and many novel suggestions we owe much of our success. It was with a real thrill that we heard the first Senior Class meeting announced. The Tea Room, the chief source of Senior funds, received the loyal support of the under classmen during the entire year, to say nothing of the Seniors who worked in the kitchen and found it impossible to resist the delicious concoctions, even though they had vowed they must lose ten pounds before that long-awaited week-end.

The Seniors believe that the proverb, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," applies not only to the male, but to the female sex. The Monday following Easter, we gave a charming tea dance, which seemed just the right thing to crown the holiday. Then later in the same month, one Saturday afternoon, the girls crowded into the hall waiting for the dining room doors to open. Before long, the bell rang, and the crowd rushed eagerly to the tables along one side of the room, each took a tray and slid it along in true cafeteria fashion, but surely no cafeteria ever had such delicious food before. Our last venture was a May breakfast, a new idea here, and judging from the results, was a good one, for the fresh strawberries and crisp waffles were indeed a treat. At last it was our turn to be the guests at the Junior-Senior Banquet given by our gracious hostesses at the Stonewall Jackson Hotel in Staunton.

Then came those last feverish days—a week of exams, the athletic exhibition, Class Day with its dainty pastel shades and startling revelation, Baccalaureate Sunday, the Commencement itself, and good-bye to those dear, happy school days and our Alma Mater to which we would ever be true, and now, memories, just memories.

Will and Testament



E, THE Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, sound in body, mind and judgment, of which soundness our teachers are dubious, do hereby bequeath to our faithful, lawabiding lower classmen, certain of our attainments, worldly possessions, honors and privileges, which have been collected

off and on during our twelve years of strenuous study.

To Fairfax Hall, we leave the ghosts of our footsteps, with those of the other alumnæ, to echo through the halls during the years to come.

To the honorable faculty we leave the keys to and formulas of our supernatural powers of evading rules and regulations. To them, also, we leave a wish for their future happiness.

To our dear sponsor, Mrs. Shumway, who has been so faithful, patient, and willing, we leave our deepest and sincerest love and gratitude.

To the Junior Class, we do hereby bequeath the Crow's Nest, situated near the foot of the campus, with the hope that there, they may build their "dream castles." And to the aforesaid Junior Class, do we leave our dignified and stately Senior Manner, which may be used at all times, and upon all occasions, with the hope that it will be cherished as a blessing.

To the Sophomore Class, we leave our power to keep underclassmen in their proper places, with the hope that they will have the opportunity to use the gift.

To the Freshmen we leave the hope that they may some day attain the age of sophistication that they now think they have reached.

The personal bequeaths, are hereby submitted:

- I, Peggy Tackles, do give my girlish giggles to Bobby Mack; and leave my ability to assume the responsibilities as Senior Class president to any one who thinks the job a "cinch."
- I, Betty Brainard, do hereby give to Winifred Armstrong, my remarkable power as a hypnotist, that she may exercise that power fittingly over her room-mate; I also leave my generosity and good-heartedness to the next occupant of Room 122.
- I, Jerry Hilliard, do leave my ability to write chemistry equations and my talents for appropriating the trash can to Helen Whittaker; also my splendid record work during my years at Fairfax to any one who is worthy of such.
- I, Louise Priest, do hereby leave my ukelele and voice to Nina Holt; and my skill in playing basketball to Mildred Farr.

I, Betty Mayer, do leave herewith my loving, gentle, sister-like manner to the Jones sisters; and my ability to play the piano to Betty Barker.

I, Sylvia Arnold, leave my wavy locks to Cynthia Newman; I also leave my earnest endeavors in the tea-room to the next senior who fills my place.

I, Claire Reed, do hereby bequeath my agility in doing the spring dance to Sarah Marvel; also my petiteness and daintiness to Jerry Gillies.

I, Marjorie Austin, do leave my talent for translating Cicero to Carol Gaylord; and to Nora Slifer leave my clever artistic gifts.

I, Isabel Mayer, do hereby bequeath certain of my talents and attainments to whomsoever may desire them, with the knowledge that *they* will not be in great demand.

The above document has been duly signed and witnessed, this twenty-sixth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six, by the members of the Senior Class, as their last will and testament.







Y DEAR! Where *did* you get that monstrous book? I didn't know they made encyclopedias that large." Jerry held open the door for the burdened chauffeur of her friend, and then cleared a place on the table by the couch for him to put down the book.

"It is a birthday present, Jerry. Really a priceless thing to have! It is a new Dunn and Bradstreet book for women, which has the maiden and married name of every woman who has finished at boarding schools. Now you see why it is so large." Marge tugged at her gloves as she talked.

At Jerry's request she walked over to the windows and loosed the heavy draperies, so that they might fall across the windows, shutting out the sight of the cold November rain.

"I'm going to have my new book put on the serving table and we can look up some people. I see it says here on the back that a comment is made about each person. *That* sounds interesting."

An hour later they closed the book and talked of their discoveries. They had no idea that Mrs. Jenkins was so wealthy, or that Miss Carrie had been successful; nor had they known that pretty Miss Morgan was so poor. But it was a day of reminiscing for these school chums. Before long, the talk grew less brisk and drifted in other channels—school days and school mates. It was Jerry who suggested making an attempt to find the latter in the book. So they started with the President of the good old Senior Class.

"Tackles, Tackles," Jerry repeated as she ran her finger down the names under T—A—C—K.

"Here it is, Margaret Tackles, M. D., twenty-five years of age, practicing in Frog Hallow, Michigan. Her practice was very small until she advertised in the local newspaper that she would raise the dead on a certain afternoon in June. Dunn and Bradstreet knows of no one more able to talk the dead out of their graves than a woman."

"Look up Claire Reed! You knew she was dancing now, didn't you?

Marge asked.

"Claire Reed, twenty-three years of age, residing at 203 East 136th St., New York City, popular interpretative dancer at the Bijou Theatre. An impressionalistic young critic, an ardent admirer of Miss Reed, said, 'Her perfect, beautiful, and graceful movements sway the very walls of any building in which she dances.' Our reporter is not in a position to vouch for the critic's statement, but—Friday night, September 13, 1933, Miss Reed slipped and fell and it is a fact that the building trembled."

The next was Billie Arnold.

"Miss Sylvia Aronld, twenty-four years of age, a dietician in Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va. S. M. A. is known for its well fed young men."

"Billie knows the quickest way to a man's heart, doesn't she? She certainly can do wonders with food, remember the Senior Tea Room? I can still hear Billie tell me, 'Now, Marge, put that bread down, you know we don't have any eating when we are working.'"

"I had a letter from Isabel Mayer the other day. She wanted me to speak to the mothers of my babies about sending them down to Fairfax Hall when they grow up. She certainly is looking toward the future," Jerry laughed.

"Is Isabel in Fairfax now? What is she doing?"

"Oh, she is dean now. Ever since she was put on student council, I've known that it was a race between her and Dorothy Tyler."

Jerry began to turn the leaves of the book again until she came to Mayer and found Elizabeth. "Elizabeth Mayer, thirty-five years of age, lives in Keokuck, Iowa, and makes a living by running a laundry."

"Oho! That must be the wrong Elizabeth. Here's another one."

Jerry began to read again. "Elizabeth Mayer, twenty-five years of age, residing with her father in Fort Myers, Fla. She has won riding trophies in horse shows all over the state. She is said to have a great fondness for animals. There is a rumor of an engagement."

Jerry let the book slap to, and without comment on what she had read, left the room to speak to the maid about tea. While she was gone, Marge picked up the paper and looked at the front page. The picture of a familiar face attracted her attention. Jerry returned from the next room.

"Come sit down, I've got something to read to you. Speaking of old Fairfax girls! Listen!" Marge began to read. "Twenty-five-year-old Betty Brainard, daughter of General Edwin H. Brainard, one of the first women to receive the stupendous responsibility of mail pilot in the tropics, was struck by moonlight last night and made a forced landing between Bocachica and Santa Digo. At sunrise Miss Brainard resumed her flight.

"She seems to be getting her wish from life-moonlight, the tropics, and

air service," Jerry commented.

"By the by, dear, what are you going to do with your kindergarten when

you and Bill are married?" Marge asked her.

"Well, you see, it's this way," she began, "I'm having a young girl come here and work under me until she learns how I do it, then she is going to take charge. My dear, I'm going to devote my higher education to something more than teaching a flock of brats their A-B-C's."

Desiring to change the subject, she asked Marge about her art shop.

"It's all right. We got in some cute John Held, Jr., pictures the other day. You'd be surprised how many poems of Jean Parson's we are selling. She has a new book out, and it is darling. I'll have to give you some of her stuff for a wedding present. I expect I'd better be getting back to the shop."

"Honestly, Marge, I'm just crazy about my new book. It was so sweet of you to remember my birthday. I don't see why you have to go. The shop

isn't going to run away."

"It is getting late, and I really must be there when it closes. Jerry, I've enjoyed the afternoon so much. You are coming over to the apartment next Thursday, aren't you? Good-bye, dear, until then."

They were at the door now, and Jerry pulled it open.

"Bye, Marge, and thanks a lot."

Jerry watched Marge disappear, closed the door softly and returned to the couch beside the tea-table. She sat down, poured herself a cup of tea, and sipped it slowly, gazing over the steaming cup into the fire. Was she thinking of the past or the future? The past has golden memories, and every now and then we will stop and think of it, but the *future*—we will always dream of our future. The gay, mischevious little smile pulling and tugging at the corners of Jerry's mouth gave her away. Her thoughts were not of us.





SCURCCARUAL





MARY McCoy Shugert

THELMA MAY LAWRENCE

DORATHY LOUISE TYLER

MARY McCOY SHUGERT

BELLEFONT, PENNSYLVANIA SECRETARIAL SENIOR

Business Manager of Faxette; Secretary of Dramatic Club; Treasurer of Secretarial Class.

She is the "What-I-have-is-yours" type. And fun? All kinds of it. Besides she is every one's friend—even to Beans, who, by the way, may accompany Molly on her homeward journey. But Molly has her serious moments, too, for she is a most sincere and diligent student.

THELMA MAY LAWRENCE

HINTON, WEST VIRGINIA SECRETARIAL SENIOR

Glee Club-1, 2; President of Secretarial Class.

Our certificate songster. And with that quiet disposition that is as pleasing as her voice. But there is all kinds of determination back of her big eyes. Tel is the girl that will get there.

DORATHY LOUISE TYLER

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
SECRETARIAL SENIOR

Secretary of Student Council-1, 2; Secretary of Secretarial Class.

If Dodo can handle her future jobs in the efficient manner with which she has handled her Fairfax responsibilities, one will have no fear for her success. She is a true diplomat.

The Writers Club, New York, N. Y., May 18, 1945.

Dear Mit:

The Marie

Here I am at the old typewriter again. I declare I have been intending for a long time to write to you, but have been *so* busy.

I have derived much pleasure of late coming across my former classmates and "reminiscening" over the old days. We certainly had good times at Fairfax, didn't we, Mit? Remember that darling party we gave, La Boheme? Honestly, I never did have such fun! That Secretarial Class was always up and going. Talk about pep! I guess they still have it. I have been trying to keep up with them and find out what they are all doing, and I know you will be interested too.

Bernice Hyde has opened a secretarial school in New Haven, and is quite successful. A great many of our girls have done our old class "proud." Thelma is secretary to a young lawyer in Hinton. By the way, it's rumored he is very handsome.

You could never imagine what Molly Shugert is doing. She has founded an institution for stray dogs and calls it "The Beanery," after dear old Beans at Fairfax. I reckon Molly will begin to teach the young puppies shorthand and spelling.

You know, of course, that Miss Maxwell is in Europe. She said she just had to go over to find out exactly how the native Parisians pronounce those French words we had in class. Dodo is taking her place while she is away, and Dodo writes me that Helen Garber and Marie drive two very attractive children over to school every morning. Janet is giving a business course at Fishburne. Imagine teaching those little Kaydets.

Elma Stockin and Frances Moore certainly let their executive ability go to waste. They are in Hollywood now, playing the leads in some of the De Mille productions.

Virginia Anderson is here in New York. She has a "big job" down on Wall Street. As a side line, she is acting as my amanuensis—notice that I have not forgotten how to spell that word.

I must close now, as I have an appointment with my publishers at four. Remember me to the family, and with best love to you,

Always yours,

-Dolly.



"THE WILL TO DO AND THE SOUL TO DARE"



SECRETARIAL SNAPS







Secretary

President

Treasurer

Cultural Class

MOTTO

"To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield"

COLORS

FLOWER Violet

Lavender and Yellow

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH ARNOLD Louise Greene MARY HODGES Marguerite Letts



MISS VAUGHAN Sponsor

MEMBERS

MALLIE NOLAN MARY JANE OFFUT Edna Parker HELEN WHITTAKER

The Culturals



AM become an old, old woman. My greatest happiness is in memories, and so I always look forward to the evenings, when I spend my happiest hours sitting cozily by the fireside, dreaming of my old school days.

First to my mind's eye comes a group of happy, smiling girls, the Cultural Class. They were such a merry group.

They smiled through work and play. They certainly were one of the very best classes at Fairfax Hall in the school year of 1927-28. As I muse over it, I can't quite decide what it was that made them so unusual. I can't remember anything especially remarkable that they accomplished, yet they were always ready to help. I have it! It wasn't what they did, but the spirit with which they did it.

Then there flashes before me a picture of those same girls, waving Fairfax banners and singing, "Glory, glory to Old Fairfax." Yes, that was during the song contest. Mary Hodges wrote that song for them, and it won the prize, too.

Athletics played a large part in our school year, too, and our class *did* contribute a lot to them. Pug Letts was president of the Athletic Association, and Lib Arnold was the vice-president.

In the fall four of our girls, Mallie Nolen, Pug Letts, Helen Whittaker, and Lib Arnold, played in those exciting baseball contests between the "Pirates" and the "Yanks," and were on the winning team. Then they played on the basketball squad, of which Lib Arnold was captain. On Thanksgiving Day, the Culturals were out again for the final big game of hockey. And as for tennis—our class had "the" tennis player of the school.

Our class was well represented in all organizations of the school. Mary Hodges was editor-in-chief of our school paper, *Faxette*; and Louise Green was trasurer of Student Council. There were several of our class with remarkable dramatic talent. Mary Jane Offutt was vice-president of the Dramatic Club, and she portrayed Mrs. Ruggles in "The Birds' Christmas Carol." Louise Green portrayed a widow in "Three Pills in a Bottle," and didn't Mallie Nolan have a stellar rôle in the operetta?

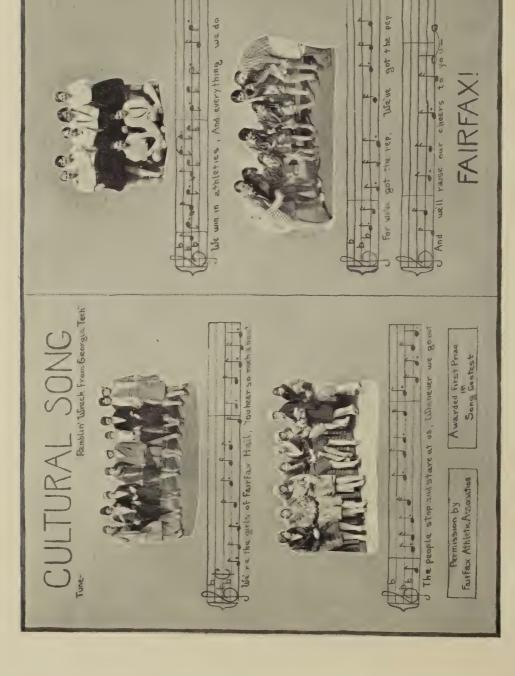
That year, long gone by, wasn't all play, though. We had in our class the finest student in the school, Helen Sanders, who had won a scholarship for four successive years.

So each evening, I sit in my rocking-chair and doze, as my mind wanders back to the school days at Fairfax Hall.

-Edna Parker.



CULTURAL CLASS









Secretary

President

Treasurer

Junior Class

MOTTO
Rowing, Not Drifting

COLORSBlue and Gold

FLOWER Jonquils

MEMBERS

VERA JAY BERTHOLF
GRACE BLACKBURN
DOROTHY BURNS
PAT BUSH
MARGARET CALVIN
JEANETTE CHAMBERLAIN
MARY L. CHAMBERLAIN
VIRGINIA ESTES
CAROL GAYLORD
ALICE GREGORY
GRACE HANNAHAN
VASHTI HODGE
FRANCES JONES



Mrs. Pearson
Sponsor

MEMBERS

JANE JONES
ELIZABETH MACK
MURIEL MILLER
LAURA JANE NEILSON
CYNTHIA NEWMANFLORENCE PATTON
NORA SLIFER
ELSA MARY VAIL
MARCELINE VIGLINI
MARY WATTS
JANET WHITAL
MARIANA WILSON
HELEN WOODRING

Rowing, Not Drifting



F COURSE one appreciates our motto if he knows us, for we certainly have a quantity of oarsmen, each possessing the necessary good qualities.

Through this year up the streams of work and pleasure, we have taken a number of in-

teresting strokes. The first was our "ADS" party—a most original and interesting affair at which everyone appeared dressed to represent different advertisements. Then on January fourteenth, we gave a party at which the guests amused each other by participating in a number of stunts and games.

For the first five months of school our leader had been Vashti Hodge, who was appointed as a temporary chairman, but on February twentieth, we took a stroke which sped us toward rugged waters. We organized, elected officers, and started training for our race upstream. We had the best of officers—if you doubt it ask one of the Juniors. We chose Mrs. Pearson as our sponsor, and indeed she has proved to be a wise and helpful adviser. Our financial condition demanded that we have strong and willing workers.

Immediately we started pulling steadily towards the steak supper, and the success of this showed how well we *could* pull together. Since then we have displayed the same ability in a number of other affairs—the most notable being the Junior-Senior banquet. What a row we had to get there!

But through all this year we have worked together, striving toward the goal, striving to progress and to help others.

Did we not win the volleyball and hockey class games? Did we not show excellent sportsmanship and school spirit at all of the athletic events?

And then at the last the laurel chain served to bind us to the Seniors and seemed to aid us in making a more perfect landing. Was not that our destination?

—Elsa Mary Vail.



JUNIOR CLASS

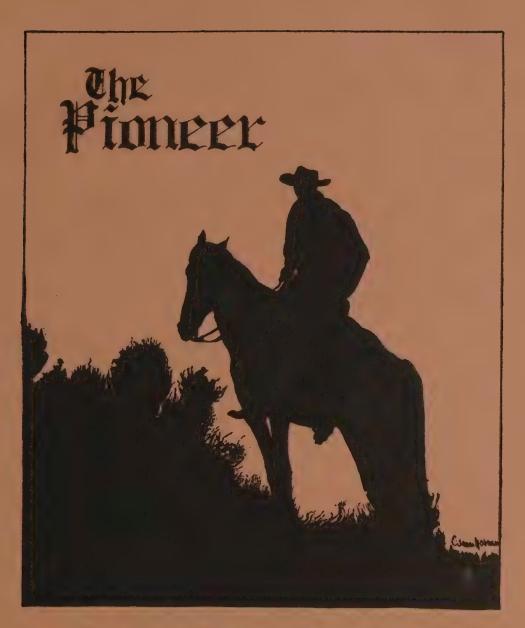


JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR SNAPS



THE COLONIAL BALL



SOP GOMORE





Secretary

President

Treasurer

Sophomore Class

мотто

"Be a sport—life needs you"

COLORSGreen and White

FLOWER
Lily of the Valley

MEMBERS

LEAH BALDWIN
BETTY BARKER
JERRY GILLIES
BEATRICE GUINN
EDITH HAINES
HAZEL HARRIS
LOIS HALLIDAY
EMILY HESSLER
NINA HOLT
PRISCILLA LUTZ



Miss Davis
Sponsor

MEMBERS

GRACE MAYER
EVELYN MCKEAGE
JANE MCKESSON
MARTHA J. MINAMYER
CAROL PENNY
DOROTHY PORTER
KATHRYN RIDDICK
FRANCES WHITE
HELEN WHITE
FLORENCE YOUNG

The Sophs



HE '28 Sophomore Class is willing, aye, more than willing, to record the events in which this class took part throughout the year; the events which I, the honored scribe, take great pleasure in transferring to black and white.

This year our class is large—very! In fact, it constitutes a large portion of Fairfax. It is made up of many George Eliots, Ethel Barrymores, Schuman-Heinks, Mistress Beethovens, and several other well-known representatives from the various fields of human accomplishments. Intelligence, "par excellence."

Though many of us have oftimes cut capers and played pranks of childish nature, for the most part, we conclude that we were merely over-exuberant at the time and are quite likely to outgrow this tendency of these younger years. And though continually in danger of alarming the administration and shocking the faculty, be believe that—

"We're good in athletics,
We're an all-round good bunch.
We're the fightingest class that's ever been passed!
On that I've got a hunch!"

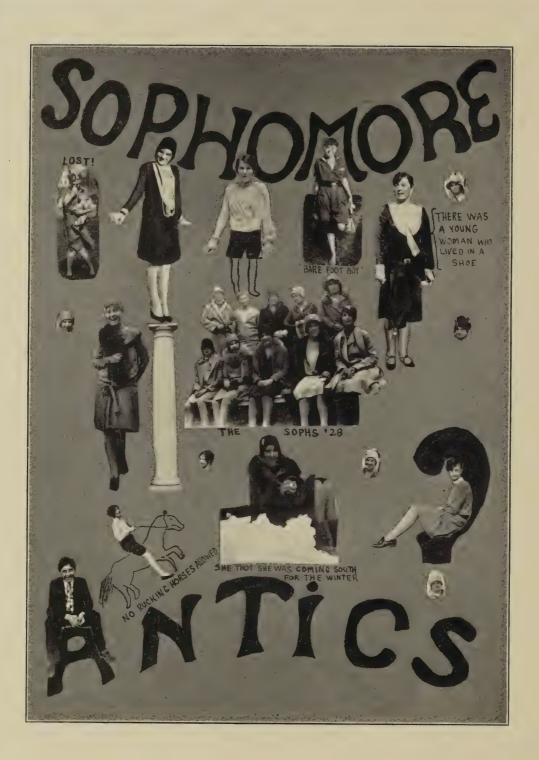
At least we have tried and are still trying harder. And we will be truly sorry to have our year here come to an end, when we will have to part from faculty, fellow-students, and school.

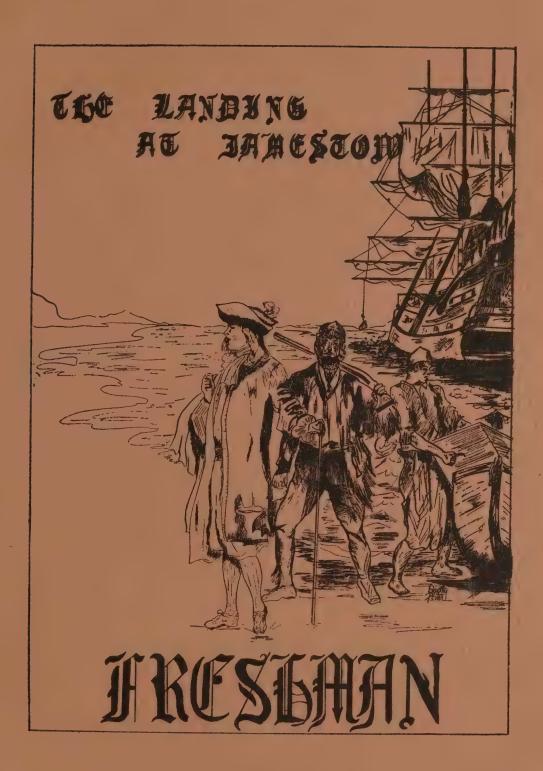
We owe a debt to Mr. Maxwell, our president—a debt we can never repay—and to the faculty. And though just the Sophomores, "When we go from here, with the ideals ever dear," the tune of our dear old Alma Mater will ring forever in our hearts.

—HAZEL HARRIS.



SOPHOMORE CLASS









Secretary

President

Treasurer

Freshman Class

MOTTO

If you find the road to success slippery, use grit.

COLORSRose and Silver

FLOWER Rose



WINIFRED ARMSTRONG ELEANOR BARKDULL DOROTHY BROOKS LUCILLE BURDETTE LETITIA CARRUTH MARY E. COCKLIN

MEMBERS



Miss Poindexter Sponsor

MEMBERS

VIRGINIA FALLON DOROTHY HERBERT SARAH MARVEL EILEEN NOONAN LOUISE RAMSDELL MARY E. STEININGER PEGGY WELCH

The Freshmen

ELLO, Freshie!" greeted an illustrious senior.

"H'lo! How'd you know I was a freshman?" asked the freshman timidly.

"Say, you look so green anyone would know it," laughed the senior.

But now that the year has worn on and we have become used to the fact that we are in high school, and have proved ourselves worth talking to, we have completely overcome our timidity and lost our greenness.

The freshmen could not be called idlers or poor sports. Our willingness was evident in our help and co-operation with every organization. Besides, we have a record of one hundred per cent attendance at all parties or other affairs of that kind. What is more, we had something on the seniors, and that was our ability at beating them in those little games during "rec." And didn't we rank with them on the varsity teams? Green—timid—I guess not!

After all, it's so much fun being a freshman. We can act childish and have the best times—and even, sometimes, do crazy little things that we shouldn't. But we're forgiven because, you see, freshmen are so young and new and have to be taught gently and *so* gradually.

But no one can say that we haven't stood loyal to Fairfax and to our president, Mr. Maxwell. The enjoyment and satisfaction of knowing this makes us the happiest freshmen ever.

—LETITIA CARRUTH.



FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS





y. W. C. A.



ITH the symbolic triangle ever in mind, the Y. W. at Fairfax has gone forward and is an important influence in the lives of the girls. It stands for moral and mental training, and social recreation.

At the first of the school year, the girls became acquainted with this organization on Saturday night in the form of an attractive porch party, and then on Sunday at the Vesper Service. The Candle Lighting Service installed the new girls into the organization and established a feeling of friendliness and mutual helpfulness between all.

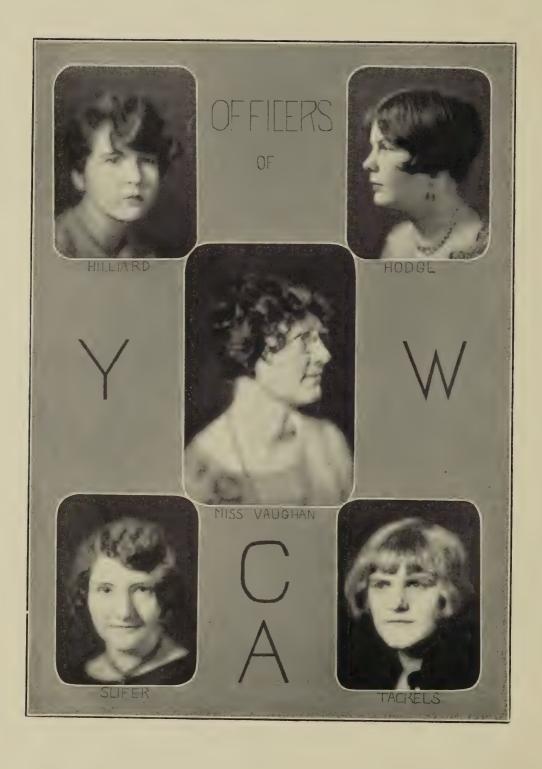
Our first big party was the Masquerade given at Hallowe'en, when the gym was turned, as if by magic, into a forest. Another party sponsored by the Y. W., which is the most formal of the year, is the Colonial Ball given about February twenty-second each year. For this evening, wind-blown bobs give place to stately powdered wigs, knee-length skirts to hoop skirts, and the varsity drag to the minuet.

At Thanksgiving our drive received such eager response, both in the form of money and clothing, that we were able to help many sick and needy people through a long winter. Over fifty children in Waynesboro, who might otherwise have had no Christmas, received huge stockings bulging with mittens, toys, candies, fruits, nuts, and many other things, which brought joy to grateful little receivers and to the givers.

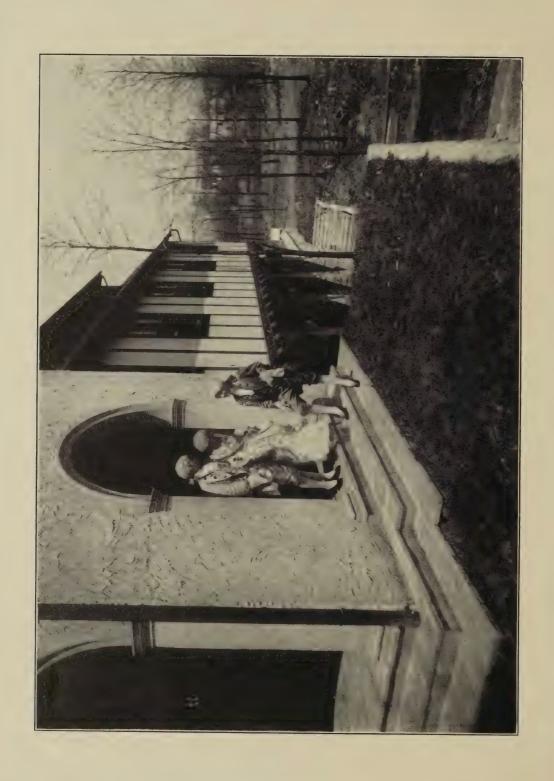
The Y. W. is pleased to have been enabled, through the splendid co-operation of all its members (the entire student body) and the enthusiastic leadership of the sponsor, Miss Vaughan, to present for our student parlors, a radio and rugs, which have been enjoyed to the utmost by girls and faculty.

Every Sunday evening the Y. W. holds Vesper Services. These are varied and prove both interesting and helpful. At some of these services, talks are given by a number of girls, at others the ministers of the several denominations speak, and still others are song services. One evening, a quartet from Simmons University in Louisville, Kentucky, sang some of the old negro spiritualistic songs. Our closing service was the Candle Lighting Service, and as we stood around the auditorium singing, "Follow the Gleam," surely each of us made a secret resolve to try to "follow the gleam" always.

—JERRY HILLIARD.













Secretary

President

Treasurer

Fairfax Players

MOTTO
Poise, not Pose

MEMBERS

Winifred Armstrong Sylvia Arnold BETTY BARKER VERA JAY BARTHOLL Martha Bush LETITIA CARRUTH JEANETTE CHAMBERLAIN MARY L. CHAMBERLAIN CAROL GAYLORD Louise Greene ALICE GREGORY HELEN GARBER BEATRICE GUINN DOLLY HARDEE SARAH HARMON NINA HOLT GERALDINE HILLIARD Vashti Hodge



Mrs. Pearson
Sponsor

MEMBERS

Francès Jones JANE JONES SARAH MARVEL GRACE MAYER MURRIELL MILLER Cynthia Newman Mallie Nolan Mary Jane Offut DOROTHY PORTER Louise Priest CLAIRE REED KATHRYN RIDDICK MOLLY SHUGERT ELMA STOCKIN Peggy Welsh FRANCES WHITE HELEN WHITTAKER MARIANNA WILSON

The Dramatic Club



HE newly published magazine, for the purpose of reviewing the work of the Fairfax Players, under the excellent supervision of Mrs. Pearson, was interesting throughout the school year of 1927-28.

Its December number contained a splendid write-up of the play, "Excuse Me," given for a group of Rotary Clubs at

Natural Bridge. This play proved an immense success.

On the cover of the January edition was seen a picture of the Ruggles family receiving instructions in table manners for the forthcoming dinner-party at the home of the Birds. "The Birds' Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggins, was cleverly enacted by members of the Fairfax Players.

The headlines, "Gymnasium Transformed to Palm Beach Overnight," blazed from the cover of the March edition. Below that the editor asserted "Eighth Wonder of the World." The Palm Beach Party was held around the indoor pool, above which hung a network of multi-colored streamers obscuring the ceiling, while pretty Japanese lanterns and balloons of many colors brightened the scene. Music floated across the waters as a canoe glided back and forth; and from the recesses of a parasol a figure in fluffy white organdy sang softly. As an added attraction, several short sketches and a diving exhibition were given. Pajama-clad waitresses served delicacies to the patrons, seated, in attractive sport costumes, at tables around the pool.

The April issue contained several items of importance. One of these told of the public presentation of three enjoyable plays, "Wisdom Teeth," "Rosalie," and "Three Pills in a Bottle." Later in the evening, the tea-room, decorated in green (in memory of St. Patrick) was filled with interested guests

who were served "goodies."

This edition also contained an attractive account of an enjoyable social meeting at which the club members were entertained by some members of the faculty. The subject for the afternoon was "Plantation Days in Virginia." It was admirably handled in a paper by Miss Maxwell, a reading by Mrs. Pearson, and quartette numbers by the Fairfax Hall Quartette.

The May edition announced the presentation to the school, by the Fairfax Players and the Senior Class, of a beautiful, green velvet curtain for the

auditorium stage.

Each issue told of two regular meetings of the month. At these meetings there were life studies, stories, readings, plays, discussions of some phases of the drama, and musical numbers given by various members of the club.

The editor is sure that in the year of '28-'29 the work of the Fairfax Players will attain even greater heights in the Dramatic world.

—BEATRICE GUINN.



AND TWO CANDLESTICKS



THREE PILLS IN A BOTTLE



President

Secretary-Treasurer

Glee Club

MOTTO

"Music is the language of the soul"

COLORSOrchid and Cream

FLOWER Tea Rose

MEMBERS

Sylvia Arnold
Marjorie Austin
Dorothy Burns
Janet Chamberlain
Virginia Estes
Alice Gregory
Louise Green
Hazel Harris
Dorothy Herbert
Mary Hodges
Geraldine Hilliard
Frances Jones
Jane Jones



Mrs. Nolen
Director

MEMBERS

THELMA LAWRENCE
PRISCILLA LUTZ
ELIZABETH MAYER
MARTHA J. MINAMYER
MALLIE NOLEN
MARY JANE OFFUT
FLORENCE PATTON
LOUISE PRIEST
ELMA STOCKIN
JANET WHITALL
MARIANNA WILSON
HELEN WOODRIG
ELSA MARY VAIL

The Singer



ATE in the fall of 1927, my mistress brought me to her studio at Fairfax Hall, where many pretty girls greeted me. I was happy from the first because I realized my singing was appreciated. After a week or two, I learned that these girls were always in the studio at

the same time, on Thursdays and Fridays—but not to see me. I soon became familiar with a song, "The Butter-Fly and the Bumble Bee," which they practiced for the December recital. As I remember I enjoyed that song more than any other on the program. Before I knew it, they were giving a Glee Club recital, which consisted of many beautiful numbers, among which were "Spring Time Chorus," by Alfred Wooler, and "Cupid Made Love to the Moon," by Dudley Smith. They were not satisfied with just these events, but immediately began working up an operetta, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," by Paul Bliss, which was a great success and met with much applause. The result was a banquet given at the Blue Ridge Terrace Inn. Was this party a success? Well, you will have to decide for yourselves, because "poor little me" was left behind supperless, and, like little Tommy Tucker, I had to sing for my refreshments.

From the Glee Club was chosen a group of girls who led the hymn-singing at Y. W. Services on Sunday evenings.

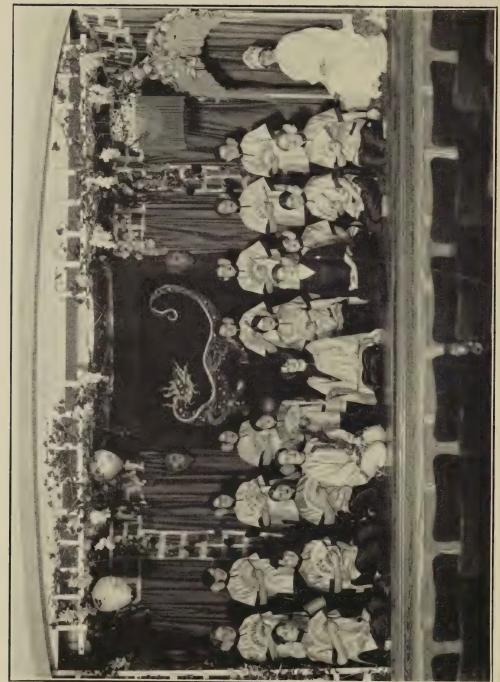
Next came the Easter Program, in which the Glee Club contributed one number, "Carmena," by Wilson.

As you all know, the Final Concert could not be complete without a Glee Club number. The pleasant melodies of "Barcolle," by Kieserling, will linger in our memories.

The year 1927-28 can be called nothing but a successful year for the Fairfax Hall Glee Club. All credit is due to the ever-faithful Mrs. Nolen, their director.

Although my mistress spent much of her time with the girls, she never forgot her little bird,

—TOPPIE.



THE FEAST OF THE LITTLE LANTERNS



President-Sketch Club

"Without knowing you hold a gift
That a mint of gold could not buy.
Something the soul of a man to lift
From the tiresome earth and to make
him see

Treasurer

President-Art Lovers

How beautiful things can be— How heaven may be glimpsed through a wayside tree, The gift of an artist's eye."

Art Lovers and Sketch Club



Miss Fowler Sponsor

MEMBERS

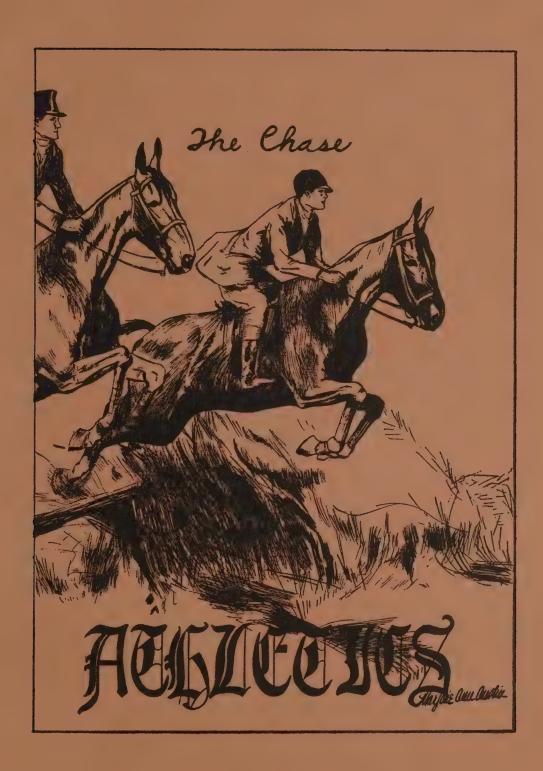
MARJORIE ANN AUSTIN VERA JAY BERTHOLF ELIZABETH BRAINARD LOIS HALLIDAY DOLLY MAY HARDEE FRANCES JONES CLARE NICHOL

MEMBERS

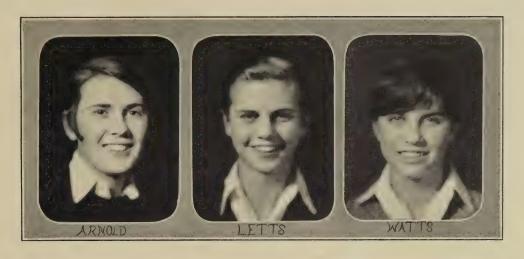
EILEEN NOONAN
DOROTHY PORTER
LOUISE RAMSDELL
MARCELYN VIGLINI
MARY WATTS
FLORENCE YOUNG



ART LOVERS CLUB







Athletic Association

OFFICERS

President	Marguerite Le	TTS
Vice-President	ELIZABETH ARN	OLD
Secretary		TTS



Miss McClung
Sponsor

Athletics



UE to the leadership of our coach, Miss McClung, athletics, during the past year at Fairfax, have proved to be very successful.

During the fall months, hockey was the all-important sport. Almost every one in school came out for the hockey team, and from this number, the first

and second teams were chosen. On Thanksgiving Day, the famous game between the black and the white hockey teams was played. The rivalry was very keen and the whole school turned out for the match. The game was an exciting one, and the final score was a tie.

After the Christmas holidays, came basketball. A great deal of interest was shown in this, and a squad was picked, consisting of three teams. The squad had training tables and remained in training for about six weeks. A team, composed of members of the faculty, played against the students in a thrilling and very entertaining basketball match. Then the class basketball games were played, and the Sophomores won the tournament.

Swimming drew the attention of many girls. Miss McClung held daily classes and gave instruction in Junior and Senior Life Saving. This proved not only interesting, but also very helpful.

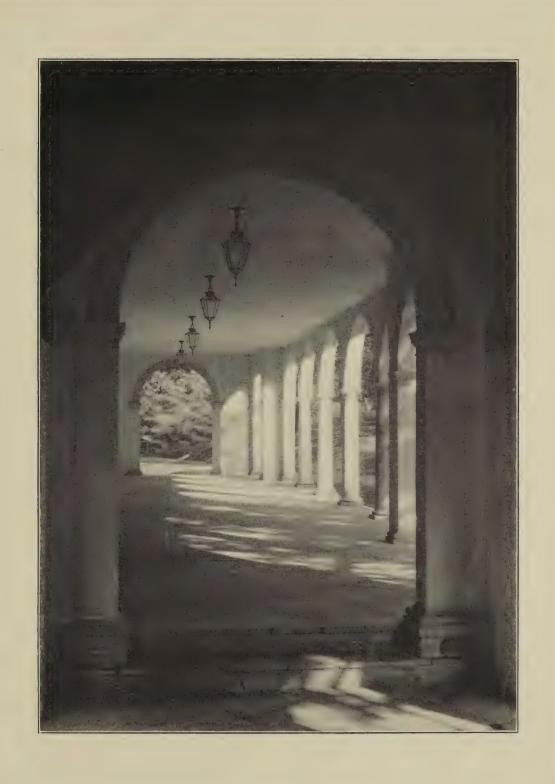
The Athletic Association gave an April Fool Party over in the gym. The one dressed as the biggest fool received a prize. Afterwards refreshments were served, and an orchestra played for dancing.

More interest was shown this year in athletics on account of the point system of earning a Fairfax letter. To win a letter, each girl had to have at least thirty points. Five points were given for making the basketball team. The members of the winning class hockey and basketball teams were awarded three points. A point was given to each girl learning a new stroke or dive in swimming.

These are only a few of the various sports at Fairfax. Volley-ball, tennis, baseball, track, golf, and riding are given their share of attention.

Every girl should participate to some extent in athletics, not only because of the pleasure derived, but also because of the benefits. Then, too, athletics bring out a spirit of fair play and sportsmanship.

—MARGUERITE LETTS.

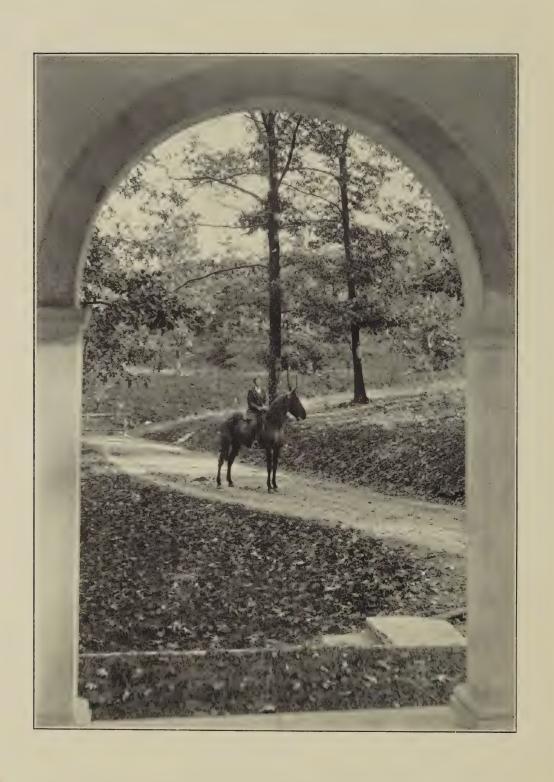






VARSITY



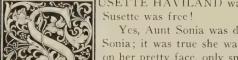




FAXETTE STAFF

Sic Semper Tyrannis

(SHORT STORY)



USETTE HAVILAND was free, what a glorious world it was after all. Susette was free!

Yes, Aunt Sonia was dead, actually dead, mused Susette. Poor Aunt Sonia; it was true she was dead, and yet Susette, with no stain of grief on her pretty face, only smiled back at the reflection in the mirror as she tucked a few wisps of dark curls beneath the snug blue felt which she wore.

Life in the last three years had not been so kind to Susette. An orphan since the age of ten, she had been sent to boarding school, and on through college; and having outgrown schools as a "parking" place, she had come to live with her aunt. Aunt Sophia had been a cranky, exacting invalid, constantly demanding her young niece's attention and begrudging her a moment's outing.

And now Susette was free, the shackles of bondage had fallen, and she was romantic enough to believe that adventure was hiding around the corner.

She slipped her slim bag under her arm, and giving the reflection a fleeting glance, she passed out of her room down the long winding stairs through the reception hall with its Louis XIV gilded chairs and marble top table, where only yesterday friends of her aunt's had mingled to pay their last respects. Was it only yesterday that this room held the large bouquets of narcissus and wreaths of roses and lilies? Only yesterday!

Susette's wee patent leather slippers pattered down the steps and on to the flag stones. She leaned over the boxed boarded row of pansies, candy-tuff, and bachelor-buttons, and selected a pansy for her coat, and closed the old iron gate behind her.

Standing in the street, she glanced up and down, and then sighing, she began her way toward Princess Anne Street.

"First I shall go and find Leidy; Leidy will give me a cup of tea, and tell my fortune from the tea leaves, and then maybe I will get gay and have my dinner at the Princess Anne," Susette talked to herself as she made her way beneath the tall magnolias that shaded the sidewalk.

As she neared town, she paused a moment by an old antique shop that stood close to the street: It was low in structure and bespoke of the Revolution, with its quaint door-way and shuttered windows. Back of the small glass show window was as old enameled locket, amid the other bits of jewelry, trinkets, and miniatures. It was the kind of locket that Susette had been wanting for a long time, and she stepped into the little shop to price it.

The place had a musty air, and for the moment she accustomed herself to the dim light. There were tables with carelessly arranged vases, pieces of wedgewood, peuter, and rare and delicate figures of Venetian glass. Several highboys, a Chippendale sideboard, and other relics of periods past. An old man came from behind a chest of drawers and welcomed her. He was a little old man, bent and wrinkled, his hands and his face had the mellow glow of age like the very ivories in his little shop.

He smiled at her wistfully: "I can serve you, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"The locket in the window. I should like to see it," Susette answered.

"Oui, Mademoiselle, I will get it," and pushing several pieces of furniture out of his way, he leaned over and took the locket from its place.

"It is charming," he said as he held it up to the light, "and very rare, too," he added with the pride of a collector.

Susette took it into her own hands and marveled over the dainty workmanship. It was a shiny black, like a small beetle, with its design of seed pearls.

The old man named its price, and Susette handed him a crisp bill from her purse. "Anything else, Mademoiselle?" the little old man asked eagerly. "No, nothing," she answered, but the fascination of the little shop was tempting, and she wandered about gazing at the lovely things. Lifting an old blue coverlet from the side of the wall, she saw that she had come upon an old oil painting. It was covered with dust, and the old man, seeing her attention drawn to it, wiped it off with his handkerchief.

Susette saw before her the gay, smiling face and laughing eyes of a Cavalier wearing a

broad-brimmed hat with its gay plumage and a bright sash about his waist. It was a charming portrait of grace, color, and warmth.

"That is an old portrait, Mademoiselle. See, the date is on it. It is said that the artist caught Charles the First of England in one of his merry moments. It is called 'Sic Semper and he pointed to the small gold placard at its base.

Suscite's mind worked rapidly. How nice this would look over the fireplace; it would

add cheer to the dull room and would replace the picture of fruits that hung there

"I will buy it," said Susette in a tone as simply as if she were purchasing eggs at a market. She was unconscious of the fact that such a portrait must cost a great sum. "Ah, Mademoiselle, you will enjoy it," the old man predicted. "This picture has a charm

of good luck that follows it."

The back door of the shop banged and a deep voice exclaimed, "Surely, Père Andrew, you will not sell the tyrant!"

Susette turned and stared at the tall man that had entered.

"Yes, I have sold it," the old man stated.

"You've sold it to her?" the young man asked in a tone of amazement.

Yes, I have bought it," Susette announced flatly, "and pray tell me, have you any objections?"

"Oh, Père Andrew, how could you sell it to her?" the young man moaned, ignoring Susette's question. "Do you not see she has no soul and that she is modern from the tip of her shoes to her shingled hair? She can't appreciate the tyrant, and I have promised you to buy it when my ship comes in."

Susette's blue eyes narrowed as she stood there looking at him scornfully.

"What do you know about souls or pictures, anyway?" she asked defiantly. "I have bought it and that's that. Besides," she added, "he will be better off with a firelight dancing on his face than in here with the dust thick upon him, and he is going to cheer me up.

The young man laughed at Susette's impertinence, and when she stamped her foot

angrily, he laughed again.

"Very well, Miss Spit Fire, you shall have the picture," he said, "but I warrant you I will get it back—some day, you see! I usually get my own way, do I not, Père Andrew?"
"Oui, oui," the old man replied, "you do, unfortunately. I sometimes think you are pos-

sessed of the devil.'

"Just try to get the portrait," Susette challenged, "the tyrant is mine, and he shall grace my fireside.

The young man stepped beside the portrait and smiled. Susette noticed the remarkable

resemblance between the merry cavalier and the young man.

With the very pose of the portrait he said, "I will try and I will succeed; I go after what I want, and I bide my time. I will win, though. 'Sic Semper Tyrannis.' Surely your finishing school training will help you with the inscription."

"Bright boy," she mocked. "Thus ever with tyrants. Well, I bid you farewell, and

good luck, my noble tyrant.

Susette stepped out of the shop, with the portrait under her arm and hailing across the street Larkin, the dry-cleaning man, she asked him to take the picture for her in his machine. She forgot all other intentions and hurried home. She wanted to hang the picture that hing. She sent for Camilla to find Lucius, the old family servant, to help her. "Such a picture, Miss Susette," exclaimed the old woman. "It's so daring and bold."

"It is exactly what I want, Camilla, instead of that awful bunch of fruit."
"Your aunt got that there picture when she was married," Camilla ventured to continue. "The Colonel done sent it to her from the Philippines for a wedding present, and Miss Sonia prized that picture right much. Maybe you oughtn't to take it down."

"Nonsense, Mamilla," said Susette impatiently, and she assisted Lucius with her direc-

tions as to the length of the picture wire and how it should be hung.

The gay Cavalier, hung at last, brightened the whole room. Camilla insisted that it had evil eyes that followed her all about.

The next day Susette went shopping to find more pretty things for herself and for the house to replace the somber things that Aunt Sonia had sanctioned She purchased frocks of flimsy silks, chic little hats to match, and chintzes and pillows of gay and daring patterns, She was tasting freedom to the utmost as she spent the afternoon amid the counters of

lovely things.

It was nearing five when she left the shops, her arms laden with packages; turning the corner she collided with a tall young man. The parcels went scattering about the side-walk, and he stooped to pick them up. When he stood up again, she saw that he was the young man of the antique shop. He recognized her and took off his hat.

"For heavens sake! The tyrant!" she exclaimed.

He laughed. "And shall I call you 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci'? Will you go to tea

with me?"

"And what if I refuse?" she asked, her eyes sparkling and the corners of her mouth dimpling.

Sans Merci," he said gravely.

"Oh, but I'm not," she protested. "Just to show you I'm not, I will go with you."

He piloted her from the main thoroughfare to a narrow little side street, and they en-The photed her from the main thoroughfare to a narrow little side street, and they entered a small tea shop. When they were comfortably settled and their order was on its way, Susette said, "Your name, kind sir? I plead conventionality."

"Don't," he begged. "It kills all romance, and I am living now in a fantasy. You are La Belle Dame, and I am the tyrant."

"Oh, all right, Mr. Tyrant," Susette said sweetly, "but please control your tyrannical spirit for the time being."

"No need for that yet," he answered, and he looked at her through a blur of cigarette smoke. "They will come in handy later when I want the picture."

"Then you are still determined to have it?" Susette questioned.

"Certainly I am, and why not? My ancestors would turn in their graves if they thought you were to keep it always. You are too modern," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Then your ancestors have something to do with the portrait?" she asked interestedly.

"Yes, indirectly," he answered, and he paused to ask her, "One lump or two?" as the waitress put their order on the table. He continued, "Our family traces back somewhere to 1600, Charles the First and Maria beginning the line. Of course, there are a great many inter-marriages following this, their daughter to Phillip, Duke of Orleans, the brother of Louis the XIV and so on, but you aren't interested in family history.

"But I am. I adore hearing anything connected with the picture."

"It is a beauty," he admitted, "and I think Père Andrew was unaware of its value. It is heliof that it is connected the later. my belief that it is one of the lost portraits of Van Dyke.'

"You know the little old man of the antique shop well, don't you?" Susette asked.

"Yes. When my mother died, a great deal of furniture was left to me, and being badly in need of money, I was forced to sell. Père Andrew couldn't afford to pay me all that I asked, but he arranged with a dealer in Washington to buy them. He and I have been very good friends since and I often sit in the little court-yard back of his shop and write.

'Then you write?" Susette asked eagerly. "I attempt to," he answered her simply.

"That accounts for your fanciful imagination," Susette declared. "I would like to read some of your work."

"I hope that you will, some day," he replied.

"Which means, of course, that I must wait until it is in cold print, and here I am becoming so pleased at meeting a live author," and Susette put on a tragic expression.

"I am afraid that you will have to wait. I am very sensitive and I would hate for you to laugh at me, at least before the world does."

"Oh, very well," she said, "and of course I shall live for that moment."

"See, you are laughing at me now, Sans Merci," he said gravely.

It was two weeks later that Susette saw the tyrant again. It was a rainy afternoon, and the streets of Fredericksburg resembled a valley of lakes. Large pools of water at each corner made it almost impossible to cross without wading up to one's ankles. The sky was dark, though it was not yet four. The large drops came down in torrents, splashing against windows and windshields, and blinding drivers who were trying frantically to manage their cars.

Susette, beneath a bright red umbrella that matched her coat, made her way up the post office steps. As she paused to close her umbrella before going through the revolving doors,

she was confronted by a drenched figure in a grey suit with a handful of mail.

"Hello, Red Bird," he greeted her.

"Helo, yourself," she sang back gayly.

"Nice weather we're having," he commented, and looked at the dark clouds over their heads.

"Nice weather for ducks," she laughed.
He ignored this: "Are you hungry?"
"Starved," she said solemnly.
"Good, let's go to tea again," he asked.
"Sorry," she answered, looking quite woe-begone, "but I've many things to do, first mail these letters, then to the market, and then I promised Miss Bessie I would stop in and see the new quilts she got from Washington."

"Then I must go alone," he said, and his expression was that of a little boy that's been

told he can't go out to play.

"Yes, you must 'tea' alone. I'm sorry, because I'm very hungry, and I'd like to go again and have some nice cookies and tea. I shall have to hope that Miss Bessie gives me a cup and a slice of nut bread."

"Tyrant," she said, and laughingly she left him standing in the rain as she went into the

post office.

Reaching home at six, Susette paused in the hall to remove her wet hat and coat and to put the umbrella in its rack. A few bills and a letter postmarked Richmond, had come in the afternoon mail and were carelessly placed in the silver tray on the table. The letter was water-streaked, and Susette's name was an inky blur on the square envelope. It proved to be an invitation to a fancy dress ball from Mrs. Harry Fox Claiborne, one of Aunt Sonia's friends. The date was for that evening. The letter had evidently been delayed in the mail. On the back of the engraved sheet, in a large pretentious handwriting, the following was scrawled:

I do hope that you will come. I have asked Tod Fraleigh to bring you. You probably have not met him, as he has only been in Fredericksburg a short while. You will enjoy his company, I am sure, for he is a very lovely boy and one of the Fraleighs of Alexandria.

Angela Morrow Claiborne

"Oh," wailed Susette. "How can I get ready in such short notice! I have nothing to wear. I just can't. Camilla," she called, and the old colored woman came shuffling into the room. "Is there anything I can possibly find in the attic to wear tonight?"

After a great while of searching, piling over old trunks, and then pressing and sewing, Susette was ready at eight. She stood before her mirror and observed the lovely oldfashioned gown with its bouffant skirt, row upon row of dainty ruffles, and tiny crushed roses tucked beneath its folds. The bodice was silver and green woven into a flowered pattern. The gown had belonged to her great grandmother, and Camilla had unearthed it in an old chest in the attic. It had required a full two hours of airing, pressing, and fitting before it had become presentable. But now as Susette stood and gazed at herself, a rose in her hair, and the locket about her white throat, she felt her attire to be faultless, when only a short time ago she had thought it impossible to get ready.

Camilla trailed her down the steps admiringly and predicted, "You sho' is gwinner be the belle of the ball."

It was still raining, and the night had brought a heavy wind. The house was almost ly. Susette leaned against the mantel-piece gazing at the bright flames; the firelight half illuminated the darkened corners of the room and cast shadows on the walls. The scones were burning on each side of the portrait and merry lights flickered and danced over the Cavalier's face. He seemed particularly amused that evening, as if he were withholding some joke, and Susette made a grimace at him.

Suddenly the French window rattled and then blew open, letting in a gust of cold wind

and rain. Susette turned to close it and was confronted by the tyrant.

The Cavalier had come to life. Even to his saffron color satin coat, the red sash, and the broad-brimmed hat with the gay plume.

He bowed. "Tod the Tyrant," he said, and he laughed at her amazement.

"You're Tod Fraleigh?" she asked.

"Oui, Bell Dame, at your service."

"And you knew all the time who I was?" she continued.

"Not all the time, but ,of course, I had to find out, or else how could I have had Mrs. Claiborne put us together for the party?"

"Oh, you ridiculous tyrant," she laughed. "Why did you do it?" "Car je vous aime," he answered. "Comprenez-vous?" "Combien?" she asked mischievously.

"De tout mon coeur. Moi, m'aimez-vous?"
She shook her head, and nonchalantly, he murmured, "Eh bien," and throwing his Cavalier cloak about the old-fashioned maiden, he lifted her and carried her through the window out to his "coach and four." Putting her down, he laughed and said, "Sic Semper Tyrannis.

The words echoed into the dark, rainy night, and the car sped on.

-DOLLY MAY HARDEE.





JERRY HILLIARD Miss Fairfax

Calendar

SEPTEMBER



- 14—Fairfax re-opens its doors, and all day long the cars and busses wind up the campus hill, bringing back laughing old girls and questioning new girls.
- 15—Registration and much scurrying about for the first introduction into classes.
- 17—Successful party given by the Y. W. for the still quite new, new girls.
- 24—The new girls début. An interesting fashion show and many enjoyable little sketches. Can these new ones *step!*
- 27—First hockey practice. Everybody has to work, and they all get rather "sore" about it.

OCTOBER

- 1—Some kids! At the Y. W. Kid Party. Nice we have so many little girls with so many clothes.
- 6—Annual trip to beautiful Swannanoa. Much food and fun before the glorious ride back.
- 8—Such aspirations! Everyone is found out, at the Ambition Party held in the gym.
- 9—The inspiring solemnity of the Candle-Lighting Service. Every girl is now a member of our Y. W. C. A.
- 13—The first but not last of those well patronized Church Suppers, always topped off with cake-laden plates being juggled back to Fairfax.
- 15—Dramatic Club try-outs. Not being sarcastic, they all seem to be funny. And very good, as many new girls are enrolled. Refreshments, of course, following in the attractive Tea Room.
- 22—Miss Vaughan's Party, and a surprise! Radio! Immediately every home station is called for.
- 24—A beautiful ride between highly-colored Virginia mountains on our trip to Monticello. We thoughtfully wander through Jefferson's old rooms and the old slaves' quarters, and leave in time to have dinner at a charming Tea Room in Charlottesville.
- 29—Low lights and many strange apparitions! No—the ghost of Lord Fairfax has not conquered the dining-room. It's Hallowe'en, and most of us spend the evening trying to find out who this and that queer looking creature might be.

NOVEMBER

- 3—A holiday! With a bit of rain. But what matter rain? For most of us pack into comfy cars and are on our way to Endless Caverns. There is enchantment in the curious beauty of the cavern palace.
- 5—Rah-rah Fishburne! Football with Woodberry, Of course the game is Fishburne's.
- 8—Organization of the Athletic Association. A bit of recreation for us during "rec,"



12—The books open, and out step lines of well known figures, come to life. It wouldn't be an easy task to think of any character not represented at the Ad Party given by the ever original Juniors.

14—Another interesting Dramatic Club meeting with a sketch, "Excuse Me." Amusing and

well done.

19—Humor, love, and pathos, all portrayed to us in the most fascinating manner,

by the Shakespearian player, Frederick Ward.

24—Thanksgiving and all that goes with it. Family, friends, hockey game with tied score, dinner, toasts, football at Fishburne, opening of indoor swimming pool, and a tired "good-night."

DECEMBER

1—The good news! Or is it? Mr. Maxwell informs us we are leaving for the holidays the sixteenth, to return the fifth.

4—Delightful musical service at the Methodist Church. Fairfax well

represented.

5—Bustling about Waynesboro for Santa's Stocking, we buy this and that, sensible and otherwise, for our little Basic boy or girl.

10—Nothing could be more fitting or better done than the play, "The Bird's Christmas Carol," given by the expression classes. Only the artist could carry out the humor and simplicity of it in such a perfect fashion.

16-Trunks gone, bags packed, tickets in hand, we're excited and ready for our

ever welcome HOME.

JANUARY

5—It may be interesting to note that we all returned safely. And quite ready to welcome the nine-ten bell.

11—In the afternoon a lecture by Dr. Barker. A few hints about our behavior,

leaving with us some ideas for more serious thought.

13—A tiny wooden village and tinier wooden men, walking and talking, and living as we do. You's guessed it! Tony Sarg's Marionettes. Also John Gilbert in "Twelve Miles Out." Quite unexpected.

Another Junior Party. This time, we, blind-folded, do our best at drawing pigs on a black-board. The prize winner can't be decided, as both Miss Maxwell and Mrs. Shumway are too good.

21—Club Boheme—From Broadway to Fairfax. Excellent eats, drinks, and entertainers—with cover charge.

24—Mid years. Scared looks and unusual quiet. Every one is really studying now.

28—Miss Vaughan's Radio Party.

FEBRUARY

3—Freida Hempel Concert in Staunton.

4—Personal on Pearson! Faculty-student basketball game. One of the biggest and funniest times of the year. Everybody there, even first aid.



6—The Japanese, of course, do things as they should be done, and we do everything in a backward fashion. So we are told by Mr. and Mrs. Onwaga at

their delightful Oriental program.

11—A bit of Florida at the Casino party given by the Dramatic Club. Many balloons, streamers, and cleverly arranged tables about the indoor pool, while from a canoe, gliding smoothly over the water, floats the sweetest of music.

13—What a bath can do to a dog and what giving a bath to a dog

can do to three girls. Beans' celebration.

14—St. Valentine's Day. Packages and more packages. Infirmary list.

24—Do they eat? Well, we guess! After six weeks of training the Varsity celebrate at their banquet given at the Blue Ridge Terrace by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell.

25—Stately ladies leaning on the arms of their be-ruffled lords make the George Washington Ball exceedingly realistic and picturesque.

MARCH

3—The thoroughly successful and truly Eastern operetta, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns," presented by the Glee Club.

4—A few ideas of the old Southern melodies and darky spirituals are transferred to us by the glorious harmony of the Simmons quartet.

9—Student recital.

10—"A number for every mood," as given to us by Lowell Patton and his lyceum entertainers.

11—Lecture on the Passion Play by Dr. Elmer Hoenshel.

12—Glee Club banquet at Blue Ridge Terrace.

17—"Wisdom Teeth," "Rosalie," and "Three Pills in a Bottle." No—Rosalie didn't have to take the three pills for her wisdom teeth, but each is an attractive play presented by the Dramatic Club.

21—We see Ben Hur in Waynesboro. At the movies, of course.

24—Not a strike in the kitchen, but just the Juniors getting up a delicious steak dinner, cabaret effect, too, with a snappy chorus dancing for us as we dine.

31—An insane asylum established at Fairfax Hall, with a prize for the craziest applicant. This, the April Fool and A. A. Party in the gym.

APRIL

6—Good Friday—a beautiful spring day! We get a holiday, topped off with a lawn supper and singing 'side the pool.

7—Spring Recital, and dreams of careers for our musically inclined.
8—A beautiful Easter Day. New clothes, of course, with Miss Thomas establishing a green house.

13—"Ho Ho—Ha Ha, Me Too!" More Negro spiritualists. A bit of the more modern this time.

14—Help yourself is the Senior motto. They give a cafeteria supper.

16-19—Dinner at the Maxwells'. We attend in classes. What could be sweeter than a lovely home with a gay crowd and charming host and hostess?

21—The presentation of the beautiful new curtain by the Fairfax Players and Seniors at another night of cleverly managed sketches. "Suppressed Desires," "A Fan and Two Candlesticks," and "Our Aunt from California."

23—We're getting quite finished after all. The Seniors give a veranda tea dance.

27—Thelma Lawrence's voice and Mary Hodges' piano recital.

28—Oh these Junior parties! A Barn Dance this time, and all that goes with it.

MAY

5—The rest of us stay-at-homes put on long faces and think about the Juniors and Seniors enjoying their banquet at the Stonewall Jackson.

7—An all day trip to Natural Bridge. Good old Virginny. Never can she lose her natural beauty!

10—Hay ride. Hang on! We're going up hills—and down.

14—May breakfast. Given by the Seniors, and for everybody. Everybody is willing to go. Who wouldn't be? Strawberries and waffles!

25-Fairfax might add "Military." Our water sports and floor-drill prove our

ability and training.

26—The Seniors are very much in evidence. Their green and orchid color scheme make a lovely background for the morning exercises. Then there is the Horse Show in the afternoon and the final concert at night.

27—Baccalaureate Sermon. Aren't we the nicest girls though? We end the day with Candle Lighting service in Y. W.

28—The graduates are the center of attention, and they feel well worth it. They simply will not weep—but they do—we all do. It's a general big good-bye, and we are off for our summer season of HOME.







PAT: What makes you so small?

Peggy: Well, you see, I was brought up on canned milk and I'm condensed.

Elsa: Gosh, you're dumb. Why don't you get an encyclopedia? Beattie: The pedals hurt my feet.

LUCILLE: What!!! You flunked that course again?

JANE: Well, what do you expect? They gave me the same exam.

SEVEN AGES OF WOMEN

Safety Pins Whip Pins Lingerie Pins Fraternity Pins Jeweled Pins Rolling Pins Clothes Pins

VIRGINIA: Ever since I sang that song last night, I've been haunted by it.

ELMA: Why not? You murdered it.

THELMA: This butter's so strong it walks over to the coffee and says "Hello."

Molly: Yeah, but the coffee's too weak to answer.

PAT: Have you paid your fees yet?

JUNIOR: I'm not feasible.

Peggy Welch: My aunt insists that I wear long underwear.

WINNIE: Well, what are you going to do about it?

Peggy: Well, wait and see, I'll get out of it.



Ladez und Gents:

We is now arriving by der entrance of der NO MAN'S LAND. Pleez do nod feed der animals, und for der benifeet of der Ladez, who is afraid—maybe vonce—der inmates is so harmless. Ef dey haff had der soop and Crem from der ice und der pickels vonce we can touch dem maybe, but hif dey haff just struggled mitt der ribs which is spare from der beef—I should say NO—keep avay. Hif you see dem von being chased by unnodder you will know dey has on von stocking vich has maybe der strips or maype von by der checks. Maype even dey has not der rubber knocks under der feet. Maybe youse guys, dot is so clever, can find der distinction by der cows dot romp on der campus und der liddle goils dot romp by der halls. Oh chass, One udder ting dot is important again. Hif you come in der contact by der screams und der yelling id is only der Beans—No, Mrs. Fiddleboig, not der beans of glass in der windows—no liddle goil—no—no—id is just der dog, Beans. If id is nod der dog id is just der mouses by der rooms. No young Mister Goilboig, you is now allowed by der rooms. Alright, lat's go!!!



CLAIR: Did you read about that new millionaire?

JAN: No, what'd he do?

CLAIRE: He wrote a book about FREE LOVE and sold a copy to every bachelor in Scotland.

He calls me his main support because I always stand him up.

JANE: Do you know where the Jack Knife dive is? BOBBIE: Sure, I was there last time it was raided. JANE: Do you know where the Cat's Tail is?

BOBBIE: Naw, where is it?

JANE: Generally about a foot from the head.

MISS McClung: Nice car, this, but what's all the noise? Bob: That, my dear, is the rumble seat rumbling.

EDDIE: Gee, what a dirty look she gave you. Francine: Gave me nothing—I've always had it.

ELEANOR: I can swim a hundred yards in ten seconds flat.

KAY: I can just imagine what you can do it in standing up.

Dotty: Where do you get your hair cut? Marj: Usually around the head, old dear.

Lou: I'm engaged.

Dolly: You don't mean it?

Lou: Of course not, but it's a lot of fun.

Nora: Did I borrow ten dollars from you yesterday?

MARY LOU: Nope.

Nora: How careless of me. You can give it to me now.

Do-Do: Whither away, pretty maid?

Louise: Aw dry up yourself, and see how you like it.

CYNICISM

Probably, when You first Looked at this You thought It was poetry.

By this time You probably know It isn't, even though It looks like it. But isn't it funny

How people go Right on doing A thing when they know Darn well—they're Being fooled?

Who's that staring at us so? Follows every place we go, With goo-goo eyes and silly face, Gee, you see them every place! They look like mamma's little pets And they call them F. M. S. Cadets.

I dream of it at night, I think of it by day, It smites me right and left, In every kind of way.

And each time that I do it,
And feebly revive,
I'm sure that I can never do
A passing standing dive:



ALL:	THE WORLD'S A STAGE
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The Flastic Age	The Freshmen
The Jazz Singer	Lon Priest
Orphans of the Storm	Brother and Beattie
The Three Musketeers	Brother and Beattie The three Mayers
The Dressmaker From Paris	Jan
Rolled Stockings	
	rairiax



VIRGINIA: What would you give to have teeth like mine? BERNICE: Dunno. How much did you give?

Louise: Did you take a bath? EILEEN: No, is one missing?

JANET: I've just had my face lifted.

ELSIE: Don't be silly—who'd take such a thing?

Beattie: I got mad at her, because she wouldn't pay me the ten dollars she owes me. Brother: You should have remained calm and collected.

As we go to press, we note that the man who was looking for a needle in a haystack, recently bought a new needle.



BETTY: That doesn't look like a very good omelet, does it?

MURIAL: No, it's not what it's cracked up to be.

BOBBIE: What did you do with the costume you wore last night?

ALICE: I put it back in my memory book.

Pegg: You sure have a school-girl complexion.

PAT: Sure, that's me all over.

Miss McClung: Saw Shenandoah in a good movie last night.

Miss Davis: Wassat, saw who?

Miss McClung: Shenandoah, Virginia Valli.

Into the valley of death rode the six hundred. Cannons to the right of them—Cannons to the left of them—Chicago!!

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Molly: Sorry to keep you waiting so long, but I was setting a trap for my room-mate. Thelma: Good Heavens! What do you expect? Molly: A mouse.

Vashti: I was on the stage once. Frankie: Yeah. Vashti: I fell out of a balcony.

KITTY: I wonder who could have had this pin before.
CLAIRE: What makes you think someone had it?
KITTY: Well, I see someone's initials in it ending in KT.

MISS VAUGHAN: Carol, DON'T you ever study? CAROL: Thanks, I won't.

IZZIE: Do you know the Hawk brothers?

Do-Do: Who are they? Izzie: Mo and Tommy.

MARY Lou: Haven't I seen you somewhere before? Frankie: Possibly; I am a bit careless where I go.

DAUGHTER: Who was Hamlet?

FATHER: Why, I'm ashamed of you. Bring me the Bible and I'll show you.

Fresh: Who was the first ancient woman to have a date with a baseball player? Soph: You got me.

FRESH: Rebecca, when she went to the well with the pitcher.



FAIRFAX WORST



"Did you REED that there are FARR MOORE WHITE STOCKINS than BLACK?" asked the rOUNG NEWMAN in a voice that made the WOODRING on the HALLIDAY.

"WATT?" she asked as she picked her VAIL from a BUSH. It made her BARKER shins and PARKER gum on a tree to HYDE it. She grabbed HOLT of his arm. "GUINN, you're fooling me."

"Get OFFUT," she said, taking a NITCH out of her arm with his teeth. The HULBRED disease and the shin that was WITH-ALL turned GREEN.

LETTS not discuss the matter any further, but it's funny what a whale of a difference just a few PENNY'S make.

Ain't it awful in assembly
You think you're gonna faint,
When they sing you "Happy Birthday"
And you know it really ain't.

MISS VAUGHAN: Is he a model young man?

JERRY: Yeah. 1898.

CAROL: I spent nine hours on my geometry last night.

JERRY: How come?

CAROL: Put it under the mattress and slept on it.

LAURA JANE: I've an idea.

EMILY: Be good to it, it's in a strange place.

Pug: I have a chance for the track team.

MALLY: Well, what are you going to do with it? Raffle it off?

HAZEL: Is she lazy?

Whit: Lazy? Why she puts her beauty spots on with a rubber stamp.

Mr. Pearson: Who was Noah's wife?

NINA: Joan of Arc.





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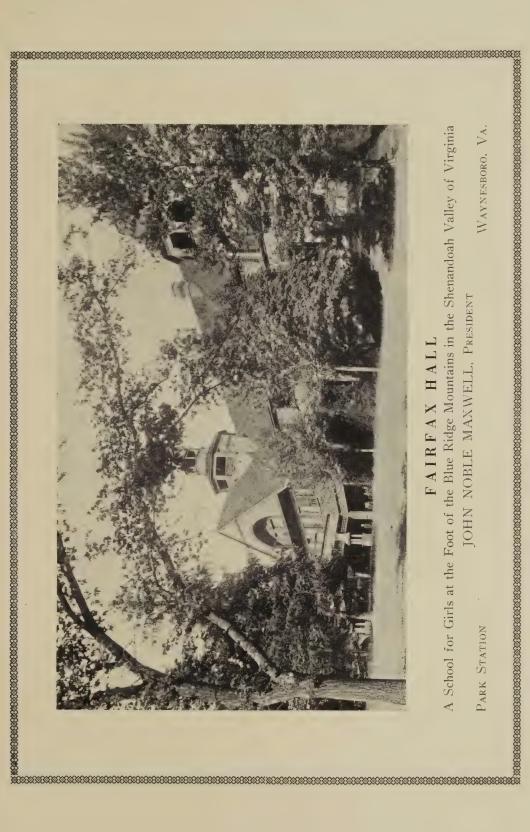


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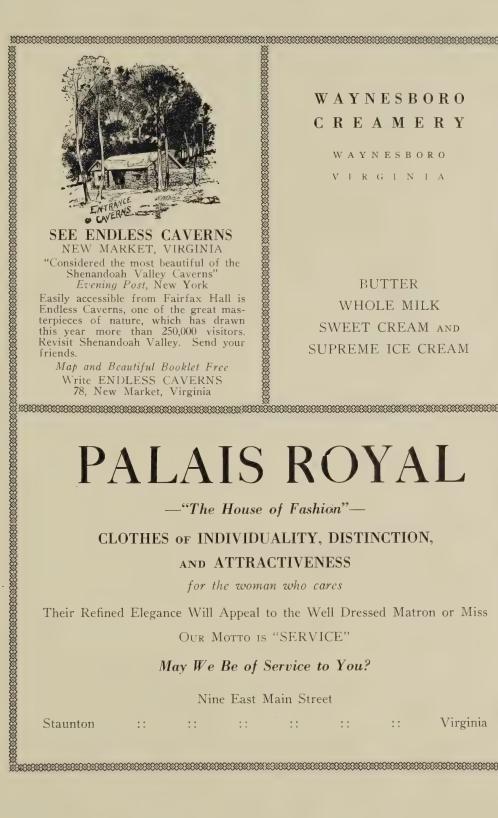
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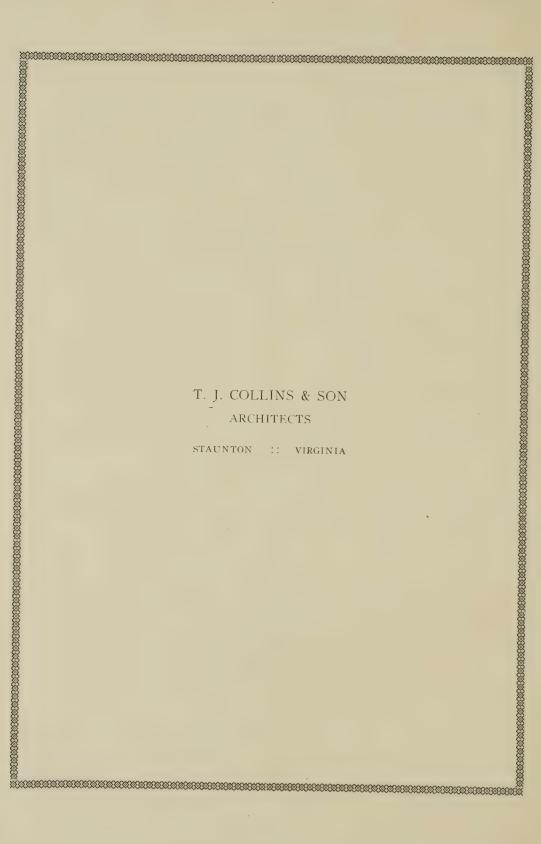
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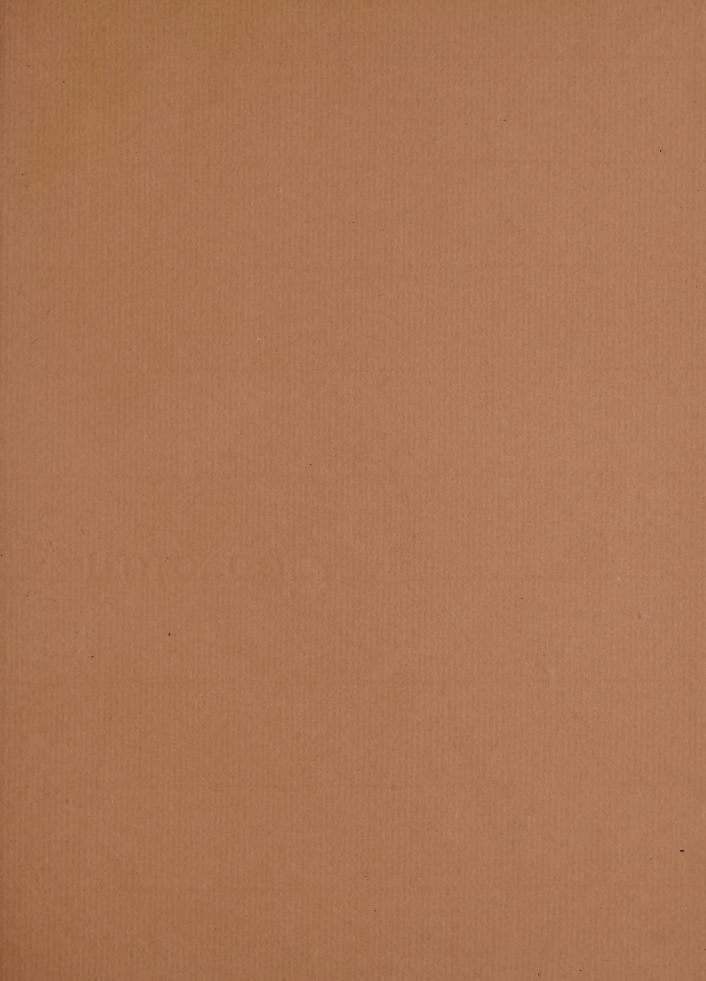
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